THE THE PARTY OF T

THE THEORY WASHINGTON THEORY WASHINGTON SALT LAKE BOY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Jonathan Thomas, who Has Lived Three Years in the Transvaal, Writes His Folks in This City on the Foer War-Did Not Want to Fight - Marched Through Battlefields En Route to Cape Town-Witnessed Horgramma manna manna manna mannaman rible Sights.

writes Jonathan Thomas, a forper Salt Laker, now in Capetown, 80th Africa, in a letter dated Jan. 3, on to his brother, County Jailor T. F.

The writer, who is the eldest son of W. and Mrs. T. F. Thomas, of No. 633 suth street, Twenty-first ward, this refers, of course, to the Brite. Boer war. For the past fifteen wits Mr. Thomas has been in the emor of Marcus Daly, the mining maggle of Montana. A little over three yers ago he went to Johannesburg, there he was made assistant manager of Mr. Daly's mine in that city. His dence in the Transvaal gave him an they are like. relient opportunity to study the char. er and habits of the Boers, and his

antage of it.
heldent Kruger and followers did
impress Mr. Thomas very favorThe Boers, he says, threw the of borden of administration upon outlanders, but denied them all the in governmental affairs. The vast al resources of the Transvaal, he ther states, were developed by for-capital and numerous mine ownhe avers, have been robbed right left of the earnings of their prop-

leferring to the causes that led up to war, Mr. Thomas leans to the con-tion that the Boers were responsible git. President Kruger and colleagues, asserts, were preparing for war

FIGHT OR GET OUT.

Early in December." writes Mr. "the Dutch told me and others would either have to take up arms ight for the Transvaal Republic or tout. I couldn't consistently r my gun for the Boers, and not was a British subject I did not care to de my services to the queen; so I ined the Dutch fellows that I preed to get out, as also did hundreds thers. Had it been a war in which United States was engaged you can | Boers.

ejust or unjust, this is a most cruel | rest assured I would have been among SIGHT WAS HORRIBLE.

Mr. Thomas says he and the rest of the foreign element of Johannesburg were then escorted 2,000 miles everland to Capetown. They marched through several battle fields (presumably in the vicinity of Ladysmith) and the sight of the dead and wounded, Mr. Thomas says, was horrible to behold. "It takes quite a little to unnerve me," he writes, but the gruesome, sickening spectacle that met my gaze on those memorable battle fields, shattered my nerves com-

The writer then proceeds to depict the horrors of war, and says it is impossible for persons reading accounts and results of battles to form anything ap proaching a true conception of what

CRIES OF WOUNDED.

Mr. Thomas arrived in Capetown December 29th, after a journey of over two weeks. He says he never spent such a miserable Christmas in his life as the last one. He never wants to spend such another. Wounded soldiers were being brought to Capetown by the car load. Their cries and shrieks, he says, could be heard blocks away, and they were

perfectly heart rending.

At the request of his employer, Mr. Thomas intends remaining at Capetown until hostilities have ceased and things have once more settled down to a normal condition. "How long that will be," he says, "is, of course, impossible to tell. Some seem to think the war will soon be over, while others are of the opinion it will be months before peace is declared. At this writing I fail to see the end. Great Britain is determined to whip the Boers, and the Boers, encouraged by a few apparent victories, won't yield a peg. The early advantages of the war were with the Boers, and they have reaped a few of the benefits resulting therefrom. It is all taken philosophically here, the peo-ple feeling confident as to the final out-

In an added postscript, Mr. Thomas says: "I have just received orders to go out with others and repair some of the bridges blown up by those destructive

Managaran anananan anananan ananananan ananananan

QUAINT SKETCHES OF A LOCAL FAMILY'S COLONIAL ANCESTORS

oncorning the ances. mf the Curtis family of New York eslocal descendants are Mrs. Cath-Floung, wife of Apostle Brigham les the late Mrs. Ellen Clawson, the Bishop H. B. Clawson of the ish ward, and Mrs. Aurelia Rogers farmington, whose portrait and life sed appeared in a recent issue of ne "News."

he writer states that the grand-

the of the three sisters on the fathet side, was born in Canaan, Cal. tenty, in 1763, and was the first take white child born in the county. Then a boy of about 10 years he dinted to find a pair of new shoes in the read, and failing to find an owner, bold them to an acquaintance for dollar-the first he ever owned. With the dollar he bought a sheep, let to one of the neighbors on shares— that the increase and the wool to In time he sold his fare of the sheep for twenty dollars, of with this capital he set up in the amer and currier trade. The profits hm this afterward enabled him to esalish a harness and trunk manufacey, and within a comparatively short me, from the poor farm boy he had some the possessor of \$32,000, a femupe which in those days was equiv-

lest to a million of today.

The great grandfather on the mothriside, whose name was Smith, came and Colchester, Conn., and with his like and child, a babe of six weeks, eled on horseback from that place make a settlement in Massachusetts. ere were no wagon roads and most of h way was through woods, so that dedificulty of the migration may well imagined.

her stopped on a hill supposed to a hill supposed to a hill supposed up a am, when fairly settled the State line lateen Massachusetts and New York by run out, and it was found that were inhabitants of the latter "In those days," the letter reads, Tork State" had such a poor reputathat for several years they did not athe home relatives in Connecticut low they lived in the despised, State." he location is just east of Flat Brook

long. When about ten years of age

scontracted scarlet fever, and by rea-

at of a severe cold at the time caused

ous affection of the kidneys, result-

by in uremic convulsions. He received

alministration in the ordinances of the

Gapel, by his father and other breth-

and was healed by the power of 9x. While hovering between life and

sath, he was ordained by his father.

tim at this tender age, to the office of

a High Priest. In April, 1884, Harry

as called and set apart by the late

Acetle A. H. Cannon for a mission to

Sorthwestern States. He continued

hibis labor about a year and a half,

ad was called home on account of the

Not long after his release from the

Masiciary field, his father having re-

brened Elder Young concluded to

may medicine, and departed, with the

heapt and blessing of his father, for

the University Medical College of Ver-

mm, is which institution he remained

mer es and careful s'ud int for about

the rears, visiting home during the

terms of vacation, to see his dear old

father, whose health was at times very

degerous illness of his father.

ha letter recently written to Mrs. | and later on was known as "Canaan Marine Young of this city by a rela-be New York, a quaint bit of hisnce as time went on and additions were made, its size and prom inece making it a conspicuous land-mark in the country. In 1891 the following bit of history appeared in one of the local newspapers concerning this landmark:

It reads as follows: "The Curtis home stead, situated near the tunnel at Flat Brook, and commonly known as "The old red house," after having withstood the tempests and storms for nearly a century and a quarter, became the victim of a comparatively slight wind one day last week, and its huge timbers and mud walls refusing longer to support its tottering frame, gave way, and now lies a mass of debris; yet it can never pass from our minds, as its romantic and uncouth outlines may be found in many of our parlors, it having been a pleasing model for numerous artists.

"More than a hundred years ago Samuel Curtis-the first white child born in this town-wooed and won his rustic bride on what is now known as "Dean Hill." Immediately after the wedding ceremony the happy couple took their bridal trip, and the blushing bride was placed in the saddle behind the smiling groom, the horse, we imagine, with-out any guidance from the happy couwending its way slowly but suredown the hill at last bringing them to their destination, which was to be their future home, and which at that time consisted of but one room. But as their means allowed from time to time addi-tions were made until it had become the

large structure that we all remember. "Several years ago it was thought unsafe as a dwelling house and was therefore abandoned; but many times since fires have been built in its huge fire places, and afforded warmth and gave shelter to that class of people commonly known as tramps. But its days of usefulness are now passed—the old homestead lies in ruins."

There are some pretty bits of rom-ance contained in the brief history of the old home and history of the plucky pioneers of the onetime fastnesses, now the acknowledged centers of civilization an progress, and writers of folk lore have described many less vivid and interesting pictures of the old pre-revolutionary days than is contained in the present article.

IN MEMORY OF BURIED HEROES.

children to Salt Lake City, Utah, their former home, where he grew up sur-rounded by these grand old mountains, whose very grandeur and breath from their snow-clad peaks impressed this boy with the love of freedom and of country. His father was the late Bishop and Paviarch William G.Young. and his mother Martha Granger Young. He grew up a stalwart, noble specimen of the sons of Utah, fearless, ing, devoted to his kindred, humble as a child, earnest in the faith of his father, and the hope and joy, and pride of father, mother, brothers and sisters, beloved by all who knew him. He was beloved by all who knew him. He was called upon a mission to New Zealand August 11, 1893, and set apart by the late Apostle A. H. Cannon. He cheer-fully responded to the call and went fully responded to the call and went away with a trust in God and a deter-mination to do his whole duty. Just prior to his departure, he married a beautiful young woman, and in twelve days after he was on his way, speeding to his missionary field. In the far off land of New Zealand, John G. Young for

Lieutenant Harry A. Young was born , would consent to his return again to the 24th day of February, 1865, at Salt his almamater, and, with new vigor and lake City. His father was the late determination, the medical student con-Sahop and Patriarch Lorenzo D. tinued his studies, until finally, he gradlong. His mother is Annie Larsen uated from the college with high honors, returning soon after to his native city. where he opened an office and began practice as one of Salt Lake's youngest and brightest physicians. Early in the year 1898 the call came to finished his mission of three siduration, and when the honorable ery State in the Union from President McKinley, for volunteers to fight in the war with Spain, and the State of Utah lease came from his presiding officer, returned home to find a warm welcome from his dear old mother, from his brothers and sisters, and from relatives who held him in high esteem,

honored the call and her sons cheerfully responded. Among that number was Dr. Harry A. Young, he being one of the first to place his pame upon this roll of his history, up to the time of his death, his before the country. Before going to the war, however, a beautiful little romance. In which he was deeply concerned, is told as follows: Some months prior to his enlistment he filmed the acquain ance of the b au-tiful and accomplished Annie Maeser, daughter of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. A warm attachment sprang up between the two, and an engagement followed, and Harry marched away to the war

in possession of the love and promised fidelity of one of Utah's fairest daughters. Their engagement was a matter of delight and joy to both families. Time passed, and young girl imbued with the thought of a happy union with a mind and heart equally educated and noble as her own, contemplated a happy life with him, to whom she had committed the treasure of her young harmitted

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.



Ruth May Fox was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1853, and crossed the plains by ox team in 1869, walking the greater part of the way. In 1872 she was married and notwithstanding she is the mother of a large family, has been an ardent worker in all that pertains to the advancement of woman. Mrs. Fox was an officer in the Salt Lake county Territorial, and later in the State Suffrage organization, and was one of the committee which drafted the memorial asking the Constitutional Convention that franchise for women be placed in the new State Constitution. She is a charter member of the Utah Woman's Press club, being made treasurer of its organization, and in 1897 became its president for the ensuing year. She was also a charter member of the Reaper's club.

In 1899 she was appointed a director of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing society by Governor Wells, and served efficiently in that capacity during the recent State exposition. She filled the position of counselor in the Fourteenth Ward Primary association for nineteen years, and is now presiding over the Y. L. M. I. A. of that ward, being called to the position in 1895. In 1898 she was made an aid to the general board of the N. Y. L. M. L. A., a. work which is most congenial and to which she devotes her most earnest

an invarious and in its invarious and invarious and in its invarious and invari and she was placed under the doctor's During the most severe part of her illness, the sad news came of the death of Dr. Harry A. Young and Corporal John G. Young, on the 5th and 6th of March, 1899. The sorrowful tidings were kept from Harry's beautiful flance until the attending physician had pronounced her out of danger and convalescense seemed well established. Then, one day, her mother broke the sad news to her of Harry's death at Manila. She told how he had fallen upon the battlefield while in the discharge of his duty. The sad blow proved to be more serious than she could en-dure; and from that time she failed in strength very fast, and in the course of a few weeks her bright spirit was released from its earthly tenement and was borne back by the angels into the home of her primeyal childhood, into the paradise of God, to meet the spirit of her promised husband, who had only preceded her into the spirit home a few months.

Corporal John G. Young was born

August 29, 1866, in St. Charles, Idaho, In the following spring his parents removed with him and the rest of the three long years continued his faithful labors, traveling many thousands of miles on foot, and during the rainy seasons of that country, drenched to the skin, day after day, week after contracting a severe cold and cough, which at times threatened to be very serious with him, and, to add to these hardships of a missionary's life, the news of his father's death came to him, yet, notwithstanding all this, he

No murmuring words escaped him, and only words of love and kindness to all associated with him in the past, were ever heard from him, and satisfaction was always expressed by him that he was honored to be a servant of the Lord and to preach His Gospel in a foreign land. When the call for volunteers came, with his uncle, Harry A Young, for that was the relationship they bore to each-uncle and nephew he placed his name upon the roll of honor and enlisted as one of Utah's volunteers, to follow his country's banner through the thickest of the fight "and uphold that country's honor the strength of manhood's might;" and his noble mother, like Harry's, was called to offer her heroic son on the

altar of our country. News came to the loved ones here at home of the death of those two noble sons of Utah, on the 5th and 6th of chart on account of his great age:

With him, to whom she had beart's first the treasure of her young heart's first love. During the winter of 1898 and '99, wery front of battle. On the 11th day of last August the Utah batteries re-

turned home, except the devoted few who had fallen. When the power of Spain was broken by the soldiers of the United States government, on the Philippine islands, many concluded that the war was at an end. Happily would it have been had this been the case; but those who remained, by orders of the government, realized that to leave the wild natives of those islands with freedom just given them from the Spanish yoke, would be to consign the country to anarchy, to lawlessness, resulting in death to the inhabitants of those islands and especially those who formerly held dominion as representa-tives of the Spanish government; and to establish a government of law and order, the United States troops were retained, and during the subsequen battles that resulted from the hatred of the Filipinos, our Utah boys met their death. For, be it remembered, that the Utah boys with other volunteers did not remain and fight the lawless Filipinos for plunder, for the extension of empire, nor for the continuing of an unholy warfare, but for the purpose only of establishing law and order and a government under which all the inhabiants of every nation and color could

be amply protected. These noble patriots, in their soldier life, won the love and admiration of their comrades and officers and all with whom they associated. Corporal John G. Young was fired upon from an enemy in ambush and fatally wounded while serving one of the guns of which he belonged, and died the same day, March When Lieutenant Harry Young learned of the death of his beloved kindsman he was pierced with deep sorrow, and on the following day out to inspect the forces and to learn if any wounded needed his professional attention, but missed the water-works house and continued his ride to a further station, where the enemy were in ambush waiting the advance of the American soldiers. He oon fell a prey to the fire of the treac erous foe, who were waiting to take his life. He met his death on the 6th of March, or on the following day that his kinsman was slain.

I will say to the mothers, brothers and sisters of Harry A. and John G. Young, these noble boys have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and from henceforth there is a crown laid up for them. As John the Evangelist said. "Be true unto deat God will give the crown of life." "Be true unto death, and have been true, faithful ministers of our Lord Jesus Christ. They have been true and manly soldiers, as young volunteers, fighting the battles of country, bearing fatigue and hardships under the deadly fire of an ambushed foe, with the nerve and valor of old and tried veterans. They were sober. temperate, praying men, and these qualities with their manly physical structures, made them the best and most reliable soldiers. God bless their memory and sanctify to the mourning relatives this cruel blow which has pierced their hearts so deeply. May He our Heavenly Father send His Holy Spirit to comfort them abundantly.

"The looms of time are never idle, and the busy fingers of the weavers are weaving as in a tapestry, the many threads and colors that make up our several lives; and when these are fin-ished there shall be found none of brighter colors or of nobler pattern than these lives of Lieutenant Harry A. Young and Corporal John G. Young. Though now I am footsore and weary

I shall rest when I am safely at home I know I shall receive a glad welcome For the Savior Himself has said r "Come." So when I am weary in body And sinking in spirit I say All the toils of the road will seem

nothing. When I get to the end of the way. SEYMOUR B. YOUNG.

A NEW LINCOLN STORY. A Good Piece of Acting Which Won

Over the Big Crowd. Prof. Smith, for many years superintendent of the city schools of Burlington, Iowa, related to the writer a story about Lincoln which he asserted has never before been printed, and all who knew that good man will testify to his moral incapacity for coining such a story. His statement to the writer was that he and Prof. Newton Bateman of Galesburg, Ill., were with the speakers on the platform, as members of the Republican central committee, or as a sub-committee to accompany Mr. Lincoin on this occasion. The incident occurred at one of the joint meetings between Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln, during the memorable senatorial campaign in 1859.

The two gentlemen referred to, Mr. Douglas and many other persons of distinction were with the speakers on the platform. Douglas opened the debate with a speech of an hour and a half. He seemed to be inspired by the occasion, the immediate presence of his wife and the large and appreciative audience, to surpass himself. His argument and oratory were convincing and overpowering. His title to the cognomen "Little Giant" given him by his friends was fully demonstrated by his eloquent performance.

As point after point was made amid the applause of his friends and admirers, they grew more and more confident and elated, while Lincoln's friends were correspondingly discouraged and depressed. So eloquent and convincing was his address that Prof. Smith leaned over and whispered to his friend and colleague, Prof. Bateman; "Bateman, we are licked this time. Lincoln can never answer this address: the crowd is so carried away with Douglas that it will be impossible for Lincoln to get a hearing." "Wait and see," was the rehearing." "Wait and see," was the re-ply of Bateman.

During the delivery of his opponent's

address Mr. Lincoln sat with legs crossed, head bowed, eyes partially closed and countenance as expressionless as parchment. When Douglas had concluded his address and taken his seat, Mr. Lincoln remained seated, al-lowing the friends of Douglas to cheer and shout to their heart's content. He then arose and walked slowly and deliberately to the front of the platform, raised himself to his full height and looked over his audience for a little while without uttering a syllable. He then began to unbutton and slowly remove a long linen duster which covter folding it with great care and deliberation, he handed it to some one just back of him and said in his clear, pene-trating voice, that reached every ear in his expectant audience, "Young man, hold that while I stone Stephen."

The effect was electrical and all that Mr. L'neoln's fri nds could have desired.

Douglas' eloquence was forgotten. The audience was quick to catch the force and point of this play on words. They laughed and cheered and were at once placed in that receptive attitude that was necessary for Mr. Lincoln's successful rejoinder.

Mr. Lincoln had by this master stroke of wit, secured the good will and kind-

ly attention of his hearers while he proceeded to "stone Stephen" with arguments which permanently enriched political literature and made the speak-er the first Republican President of the United States.—United Presbyterlan.

FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

CARACTARIA CARACTARIA ANTARA CARACTARIA CARA

By Railway Along the Banks of the Guadalquivir-The Famous Fisheries-"God Sends Meat and Satan Sends

in Cadiz are outside of it-the products of sea and land as exemplified in the fisheries and the wine-trade. The best way to get a correct idea of the former is to turn fisherman yourself, and learn from practical experience, rather than from records of the annual catch. First to the old sea-wall, where a motly crowd sits all day long, with legs hanging over, angling with such persistency that their patience has passed into a proverb familiar throughout Spain-"a la paciencia de un pescador de cana." Some of the very best fish in the world, including the celebrated salmonete, or red mullet, the "Saint Peter," the "Mero," the "Gold-Head," are waiting by thousands, to be hauled up at the end of a line dangling from a cane-stalk. At any rate, to go fishing from the ramparts of Cadiz is something you should not miss-not so much for the fish as for the novel experience. The January sun, which in this latitude is like that of northern June, reflects with double 'intensity from the burnished sea in front and the glare of white walls behind, but the breeze is cool and constant, and-if wise in your day and generation-your brow is shaded with a broad sombrero.

Sailors from all parts of the world frequent this sea-wall, including many Moors and Africans from the other side of the Mediterranean. There, too, are troops of King Alfonso's soldiers in gorgeous uniforms, whose countenances, like Cassius, wear "a lean and hungry look;" pompous officials; French, Spanish and English merchants; Portuguese traders; beggars an peddlers galore; promenading grande dames with lace mantillas partially covering their shining hair; and bevies of giggling senoritas, flirting with fans and eye-lids under the very noses of watchful duennas.

The seaward view is glorious. The noble bay of Cadiz, more than thirty miles in extent, is almost entirely land-locked. The outer bay, stretch-ing from Rota village, at the foot of the promontory, to the Guadalite river,

MEDIAEVAL FORTS:

the inner bay protected by the Matagorda and Puntales fortifications, the Isthmus intrenchments, Cordadura castle and Fort San Fernando. These fisheries have been celebrated through thirty long centuries, and the salmonete you are hauling up today at the end of a string may be lineal des-cendants of the same which supplied the luxurious Romans with their favorte tid-bits when Rome was new on her wise old Apollonius sat when he studied the phenomena of the tides and arrived at the conclusion that the waters were sucked in and sent out again by sub-marine winds; and Solenus, who disputed his theory and sagely urged that the ebb and flow was caused by huge sea animals!

For tunny fishing, you must go out n a felucca, right under the rusty guns of Matagorda and Puntales, to the rocky islets called "Los Puercos" and 'Cochinos," (the pigs and chickens, that obstruct the harbor entrance. The pas-sage is also encumbered by shifting mud-banks, deposited by the Guadalite and Santi Petri rivers, in which the tunnies bury themselves during the breeding season. On the main-land, at mouth of the Guadalite, is the town of Carraca, with a thousand inhabitants and a most unsavory reputation as to morals. It contains the naval ar-senal, defended by the cross-fire of two forts, and the royal dock-yards, with twelve steps and three spacious basins. Close by, on the isthmus, is a fashionable and much frequented bathing place, and farther on are a dozen others, reminding you of the jewelled crescent of New York harbor by night studded with electric-lighted resorts. Right here, in the sheltered lee of San Fernando, are the famous tunny fisheres, which supplied the ancients with sea-food of the highest price—the same which gave rise to the Greek epigram. 'Bass, congers' head, and tunny's un-

Are luxuries to slender means denied." They liked salmonete better; but tunny was dearer, and like swells of modern times, the philosophers favored that which was farthest removed polloi. The wisest men of Greece and Rome set their mighty wits to work over new recipes for tunny cooking. Athenaeus recommended that the fish be stuffed with onions and erved with acrid condiments, and the Ligurians ate only the "under part, stewed in oil and Corsican wine, with pounded pepper and chopped onion." You may find it today on the tables of all Mediterranean steamers, cut up into brown strips that look like mahogony shavings, floating in grease,-as nasty a mess as can well be imagined. But the fish itself, as seen in

ITS NATIVE ELEMENT,

is beautiful-dark lustrous blue on the back, shining with the tint of polished steel, shading underneath to dull silver. It feeds on sardines, pilchard, mackerel, and even the young of its own species and by an admirable law of compensa tion, is in its turn preyed upon by larger fish, to say nothing of its great-est enemy, man. It is said to vary in est enemy, man. It is said to vary in flavor according to the locality in which t grows, the best being caught off the shores of Sicily and Provence.

According to Aristotle, the best way to catch a tunny is to spear it while it is basking on the surface of the sunilt sea. The Thracians rigged up a contrivance by which they plerced many fish at once as they lay in their winter quarters in the mud. A short, thick, leaded pole had on its under-side a number of barbed and serrated spear-heads. This weapon was slung by a long rope to the bow of the boat from which it was hurled with such force as to cause terrible execution among the unsuspecting fish, impaling them by scores. The modern method of catching them is with the seine. They are timid fish and the slightest unusua sound or motion will so confuse and terrify them that they rush blindly inte the nets. Cadlz fishermen stretca seine across the rocky islets at the mouth of the bay, then shout and churn the water with their paddles; af-

ter which the full nets are drawn taut It is a blessed thing for poor old Spain that fish are cheap and plentiful other necessaries being so hea taxed, and the original price on edibles doubled by duties levied at the city gates. For example, fresh meat, which is nearly all brought over from Tanglers,-bad at its best and usually

IN ICELESS TRANSIT.

retails from 50 to 80 cents a pound.
The common people never taste it at all. Chickens are from 75 cents to \$1.50 each. But in Cadta one

grandon managara managara managaran managaran da managara Special Correpondence.

Seville, Spain, Jan. 9th, 1900.—It sounds Hibernian, but is nevertheless true, that the most interesting things that the most interesting things the streets and ramparts, are little open booths, in which you can get a delicious fish meal for a few cents. The fish are cooked in kettles of alive of live of the cooked in kettles of alive of live of the cooked in kettles of alive of live of the cooked in kettles of alive of live of live of the cooked in kettles of alive of live cooked in kettles of olive oil, over charcoal brasiers. When served there is no flavor of the oil about them, or even a greasy appearance, but even and delicately browned as the best chef at Del monico's could do. The oil is firs The oil is first cleared of any flavor by cooking in it a few bits of dog-fish, which has the same effect, known to Yankee housewives, of

potatoes cooked in burned lard, the po-tatoes absorbing all taste and smell.

The proverb, "God sends ment and the devil cooks," is of Iberian origin.

The Spanish word for cooking food— guesar—sounds strikingly like disguise; and truly. Spanish grease and garlie go and truly, Spanish grease and garlie go far toward disguising anything edible. Cadiz has a peculiar flavor all its own, In food as in everything else. Its ho-tels are the poorest imaginable, their attempted French cuising modified by the savage taste of the Visigoth. There are many casas de huspedes, answering to our boarding houses and restaurants, which the majority patronize rather than the hotels. All open directly upon the busy streets, in full view of passersby on the narrow sidewalks, which are always lined with beggars, to whose out-stretched, imploring hands the soap of "Old Castile" is

MANIFESTLY A STRANGER.

Only two meals a day are served, breakfast and dinner; but as each occupies at least two hours, and three or four on occasions of ceremony, each and every dish of the interminable courses being served by itself—there is no time for any more. On entering a public dining room, though you have never seen a soul there before and probably never will again, you salute he roomfull by a comprehensive salanm and an ali-embracing "Buenos dias," or buenos tardes," according to the hour; and on leaving the room you bow again to the remaining company and wish them "buen provecho les haga a V. V." - "may your meal profit you." Omission of this courtesy is considered gross yulgarity. But somehow, Spanish politeness is a thin veneer which gives out in spots. The men always wear their hats at hotel tables, women eat with their knives and openly pick their teeth, and both draw water noisily into their mouths and eject it on the floor when the meal is over.

A delicious dish that is frequently served in Cadiz—at least we thought it delicious until we learned what it was, is called cangrejos. It is the fore claws of crabs, that part of the animal only being used. The coast marshes beyond Puntales breed innumerable small crabs. Men, women and children make a business of hunting them, tearing off the fore legs of the living animal, and then turning it loose, maimed and suf-fering, to grow new legs and be again and again dismembered. To be sure they are only crabs; but had they voices, think what cries of agony would rise to heaven from the Cadiz marshes It is no wonder that Spain has been over-run with smugglers since time out of mind. Heavy taxes on the most necessary food articles make living ex-penses so very high that the smugglers ought to be regarded as public bene-

THAN LAW-BREAKERS.

Neither city nor state derives any great benefit from the imports, for most of the money goes into the pockets of petty officials; hence the smuggler trade appears to be the safest in the country. Everybody in Spain plunders everybody beneath him, beginning with king and clergy, and so on down, to the servants who also have their servants, who in

turn take it out on their donkeys.

The distance from Cadiz to Seville is about 96 miles by railway. and considerably more by the Guadal-Unsophisticated travelers may choose the river route for the romance of the thing, but they will never do it a second time. The only romance about this historic river is its name the Arab Wad-al-keber, ("great river"), pronounced in Spain, wah-dal-ke-veer. The gray and turbid stream is navigable as a far as Cordova, and barges of 100 tons may ascend to Seville. The river scenery is of the tamest-treeless plains, with hedges of "prickly-pear" cactus; farther on, fields of wheat and corn, and by and by the vineyards of

Going by rail you come upon a novel sight, just beyond the isthmus marshes. Far as the eye can see the whole landscape is studded with small snow-white pyramids-thousands of glistening mounds, each in the center of a square plot, dug out like a flower-bed and filled with salt water. The pyramids

ARE SOLID SALT,

the shallow beds are the pans in which salt is evaporated, and everywhere are little canals, bringing in sea water. The salt crystalizes first along the edges of fresh-fallen snow. It takes about a fortnight for one of these to evaporate, except when a levante blows the "north-er" so dreaded elsewhere, which, like those of Texas, always come up from the south. The drying power of the levanter is so great that three or four days will evaporate the salt; hence the more disagreeable the wind, the better pleased are the miners. Some idea of the extent and importance of this salt industry may be inferred from the fact that it supports a town of 27,000 souls-San Fernando, ten miles from Cadiz. It is a gay little city, with snow-white houses and fantastic lattices; but it is said that its citizens can hardly be classed among "the salt of the earth," though depending entirely upon salt for a living.

In the neighborhood of Xeres, now

called Jerez, where the famous sherry is made, vineyards occupy all the land that is not covered with "bodegas" and manufactories of wine. Some of the bodegas or wine cellars are said to contain as many as 15,000 butts. Piles of caskets extend for miles on both sides of the track, and one marvels that so much liquid, good or bad, can ever be disposed of. Speaking of the mag-nitude of this industry, an English felow traveler told me that last year up-wards of twelve million dollars' worth of German alcohol (made of beets and potatoes) was imported into Spain, for the sole purpose of adulterating Xeres sherry for the foreign trade. We shall visit the place later from Seville and learn more about it.

As travelers approaching our national capital see from afar the Washing-ton monument dominating the landscape, so we caught the first sight of the Moorish Geralda while yet a long vay from Seville, rising above groves and gardens, with the green wils of the Guadalquivir for an appropriate background. As we drew nearer, hundred magnificent structures came nto view, the Alcazar, with its court-eards and fountains, the cathedral with forty bells, the Casa del Ayundento, and palaces whose names are yet to be learned. FANNIE B. WARD,

RECRUITING FOR TRANSVAAL.

Recruiting Officer: "I'm afraid you are not smart enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride over everything, if necessary."

Aplicant: "That's all right, sir. I've en a London cab-driver for seven